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PUBLISHED.
WITCHCRAFT;
MANOR, NNNN
THE WITCH OF SALEM.
A
LEGEND OF OLD NEW ENGLAND.
BIN FIVE ACTS.
BY
ESPY W. H. WILLIAMS,
=
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CHARACTERS.

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1-JUSTICE HARTHORNE (Justice of the Peace).
2-CALVIN BREED (his nephew, new from Wales)
3-WIL. ALDRICH (his Secretary, in love with Amy).
4-SIR JASPER GATES (from England).
5-REV. COTTON MATHER.
6-REV. SAMUEL PARIS,
7-DOCTOR GRIGGS,
8-SHERIFF CORWIN,
9-MARSHAL BUNCE,

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(Men of special note in Salem.)
10-LANDLORD GEDNEY (landlord of "Ship Tavern").
11-DICK FELTON.
12-PUTNAM.
13-AMY FAIRFAX (the Witch).
14-MABEL BENTON (Harthorne's step-daughter).
15-GOODY HARTHORNE (her Mother).
16-POLL GEDNEY (Gedney's daughter).
Messenger, a Woman, Executioner, Soldiers, Men, Women
and Children.
SCENE LAID IN SALEM, MASS., IN YEAR 1693.

WITCHCRAFT,

OR

THE WITCH OF SALEM.

A LEGEND OF OLD NEW ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE (set for act, in 4th and 5th grooves)-The dining hall in
"Ship Tavern," Salem, 1693. Door, R. C., and window L. C.
practical, on flat 4th groove, opening on sea view on flat 5th
groove. Doors R. & L. 2 & 3 E., opening into rooms. Large
open fire-place L. 2 E., log fire burning. Standing clock in
corner R. U. E. China closet R. 2 E. Hanging shelves B. C.
on flat. Large table R. of c. Chairs and stools.

Season-winter. Time-morning.

Curtain rises, discovering SIR JASPER GATES seated R. of table,
writing; LANDLORD GEDNEY standing back of table, L. of C.
GEDNEY. (as curtain rises, shivering, to himself.) Ugh! how
that quill do scratch!-ugh! (Enter POLL, L. 1 E. with log
in arms. GEDNEY crosses to her.) Give't me Poll. (takes
log; POLL crosses B. and exit R. 3 E. GEDNEY puts log on
fire, continuing, to himself.) Mayhap it were no real goose
fledged that quill at all, but Goody Fairfax, what was
hanged a witch, come back again to life a goose! They
do say now such like can come about! Ugh!

(Re-enter POLL, R. 3 E., with knitting, crossing to fire.)

SIR JASP. (laying down pen.) Now, good Master Landlord,
some wax and light of taper. (folds letter for sealing.)

GEDNEY, (getting wax from box on hanging shelf.) Poll, fetch
a taper for his worship, quick!

(POLL puts knitting on stool, stands on stool and gets taper

from shelf over fire-place, and proceeds to light it at fire.)
SIR JASP. (to himself, opening letter.) But, one moment! This
letter being to His Excellency the Governor, must be

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indited with all due care. Let me see. (GEDNEY puts
wax on table and crosses to fire; business comedy between GED-
NEY and POLL, lighting taper during reading of letter.)

"To

His Most Worshipful and Worthy His Excellency Sir
William Phips, Governor, these presents: I am arrived
in your Excellency's province on a mission of much impor-
tance, no other than the investigation of a lost heirship,
under order of High Chancery, in which matter I am
instructed by no less a person than His Majesty himself
to apply to you for instruction and aid. I have presumed,
however, to disembark at Salem Beach, the spot where
my investigation lies, and will sojourn for some days here,
in search of such information as I may obtain on my own
responsibility. I will then repair to your Excellency's
presence, and acquaint your Excellency with the details
of my mission, and will further offer my apologies for hav-
ing failed to report to your Excellency in person without
this delay." (pauses.) That, I think, should do. (POLL
lights taper and rises.) Now Mistress Foll, the taper if you
please.

POLL. (B. of table.) Here 'tis, your worship.

SIR JASP. (sealing letter.) And now, good Master Landlord,
how far is 't from here to Justice Harthorne's?

GEDNEY. (as POLL takee taper and wax from him and puts them
away.) Why not an half hour there and back, your wor-
ship?

SIR JASP. (R. C.) Yet 'tis now two full hours since that
young buck, -Dick Felton, did ye call him?-left for
there. Is this your quick despatch in Salem town?

POLL. (putting away wax, and crossing to and looking out win-
dow, R. Aside.) I begged Dick not to go! he never does
an errand rightly, he is so careless, -so forgetful.

GEDNEY. Your quick despatch? Why, your worship, Dick
Felton is as prompt a lad as any these thirty miles round
Boston town-(interrupted by FELTON.)

FELTON. (off R. U. E., calling to POLL, who beckons to him from
window.) News, Poll! news!

GEDNEY, (hearing FELTON.) And here he be to answer for
himself. (As GEDNEY speaks POLL crosses and opens D. R.
C., and FELTON enters and comes down L. followed by POLL.)

FELTON. (entering.) News! I've got some news!

POLL. (apart to him.) Dick, how long you've been.

(GEDNEY R., SIR JASPER R. C., FELTON C., POLL L. C.)

SIR JASP. Sirrah, hold to! Report your business first; then
your excuse for making two hours of a half-hour's stay;
and then give any news ye will.

FELTON. Your worship, I-why it all do be mix'd up as bad

as eggs in omlette! First went I straight to Justice Har-

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thorne's-and did n't find him, for he were at the Rev. Mr. Paris's house, and there I went to find him, -because your worship's honor charged me to give the letter to him in person.

SIR JASP. And there you found him?

FELTON. Ay, your worship; but such a coil of business he was in I could not give the letter.

SIR JASP. Not give the letter? A trusty messenger ye be, indeed.

FELTON. Them Paris children had it bad again, and Justice Harthorne and all were dreadful busy with them.

GEDNEY. Again, again! Verily the Lord chastiseth us.

POLL. Mercy on us! bewitched again?

FELTON. Yes, and dreadful bad! I saw them with my own eyes. There was Rev. Mr. Paris, their own father and a godly man; and Rev. Cotton Mather, and Justices Harthorne and Corwin, and Doctor Griggs and Marshal Bunce and-more, all viewing the afflicted, and each with prayers trying to cast the devil out-so Rev. Cotton Mather said-but all in vain. The more they prayed the more the children cried out-

POLL. (without interrupting.) Poor things!

FELTON. -and did all kinds of antics! One, -I never can forget her look!-cried out for death to come and end her pain, and then with a scream she fell upon the floor, her face all blue and frothing at the mouth; and when they picked her up they found the print of fingers on her throat, and not a soul had touched her. That was Abigail Williams.

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GEDNEY. Did she accuse no one?

FELTON. Why that's the point-

SIR JASP. (interrupting.) But not the point I seek; which is,-did Justice Harthorne get my letter?

FELTON. Why he was occupied, your worship, then; and-but I will tell your worship all.

SIR JASP. (aside.) Were it not waste of anger, I'd cut my patience and thy tattle short. (X R.)

GEDNEY. (XR.C.) Yes all, Dick; let us hear it all.

FELTON. (continuing.) The Rev. Mr. Paris and Dr. Griggs, they tried her first, begging and praying her to name the person who bewitched her; - she only twitched and would not speak. And then Justice Harthorne called over the names of all he could think of, so to help her on,--but she was still stone dumb. The Justice even named his own wife and his step-daughter Mistress Mabel Benton,-he was so bent to find the witch. It was no use. But when, after a while, one of the girls screamed out in pain, and almost strangling cried out Fairfax-

GEDNEY AND POLL. (starting.) Fairfax!

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FELTON. Then Abigail Williams fell down in a convulsion, and again frothed at the mouth, and cried aloud and groaned! Then Rev. Cotton Mather bade us leave, as all this was too painful to our sights! And he was right.

POLL. Fairfax? O, I hope they meant not Mistress Amy.

FELTON. That's what everybody says she meant, for Mistress Amy is the only Fairfax here, since Goody Fairfax hanged. I gave your letter though, your worship, to Master Wil. Aldrich, Justice Harthorne's clerk, and like as not the Justice has it now.

SIR JASP. And prithee wherefore give it to the clerk when ye were charged to give it to the Justice? Again, a trusty messenger say I!

FELTON. In truth, your worship, in all the coil, I did forget the letter; but on the roadway I met up with Master Aldrich, and sight o' him reminded me. Thinks I, 't will go safe with him, and so to him I gave it.

GEDNEY. And safe it will go with Master Aldrich, your worship, for he's a true born gentleman. Some say he's read more books than Rev. Cotton Mather has, though they be godless books like plays and things. But what sets me athinking is how them girls came to call out the name of Fairfax. Goody Fairfax was hanged dead, all know,- and as for Mistress Amy,-no better, kinder or more harmless creature ever lived in Salem farms;-and then so near a child!

FELTON. I never heard of a dead witch troubling any one! Did ever you, your worship?

SIR JASP. The dead,-witch or no witch, can never trouble us. As for your Goody Fairfax, the chances are she led a tiresome life or else it had not ended as it did. Old age and care and sickness are your best witch makers.

GEDNEY. Nay, you be wrong, your worship, there! Goody sickly

No! our

Fairfax was not over old, nor sickly either.

witches ar'n't all old and sickly, though some like Sarah Good, or Goody Nurse now may be. There was Rev. Mr.

Burroughs now, as fine a man and learned too, as ever hung for witchcraft! No! it wasn't age nor sickness made

a

witch of Goody Fairfax.

FELTON. Her's was a splendid case! The strangest thing was how the gold and jewels disappeared.

SIR JASP. (aside.) Had that young fellow opportunity, he'd make a classic court gossip monger.

, GEDNEY. Yes, the gold and jewels, -and on the very day that she was hanged, too.

FELTON. Your worship, it was them, the gold and jewels, mark you, was strongest proof against her. You see,

Goody Fairfax came to Salem Farms some ten or twelve year back, and that asudden too. (SIR JASP. sits L.)

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Somehow no one knew of her till one Lord's-day every one saw her at the meeting-house.

GEDNEY. That was against her.

FELTON. Well, folks, as should, got asking round and finding out that there was nothing to find out against her; and she was peaceable and quiet-like, and tended worship and the lecture regular, and so we took her in, her and her little girl.

GEDNEY. She who is Mistress Amy now; and Justice Harthorne is a Christian gentleman to act her guardian, and let her live in his own house now since her mother's hanging.

SIR JASP.

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(aside, beginning to be interested, and manifesting growing interest and anxiety during uring recital, concealing noealing it how-

ever from the rest.) Ten years ago, -alone, save with a child, a girl.

FELTON. (continuing. Things went on smoothlike, your worship, till come last spring, when whispers went about of how Goody Fairfax never wanted for a penny or a pound, but somehow she would have it spanking new.

GEDNEY. That was against her.

FELTON. As 't was right right it should, your worship; for how should Goody Fairfax get new pounds when all the toil she did could not have earned her old ones?

GEDNEY. Yea, verily! It is such things, so Rev. Cotton Mather says, the Lord allows to work upon our minds, until in time the Evil One betrays himself through them.

FELTON. After that, things went on gathering against her, till people got to saying strange things, for we'd had witches before then, -till late one night one of Landlord Putnam's men came riding into town, stark mad with fright, and made oath before Justice Harthorne himself, that riding through the wood he had just seen Goody Fairfax talking with the Devil.

GEDNEY. And, your worship, they found her in the wood, just as Landlord Putnam's man had said.

SIR JASP. (impatiently.) And found the Devil too?

GEDNEY. (staggered.) Eh, -your worship?

FELTON. Why surely not, your worship, for-as Rev. Cotton Mather set forth at the trial, -the Devil had short time to save himself by flight, and left Goody Fairfax to her fate. But finding him was of no need, for when they searched her house they found a chest of gold and jewels and like worldly things, and when they asked her how she came by them she would not answer.

SIR JASP. What? Would not answer? Wherefore? Surely-

surely she had some urgent reason for her silence.

GEDNEY. Yea, the best of sinful reasons, your worship. Had she spoken she'd been convicted of the Devil by word of her own mouth.

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SIR JASP. (aside) Can all this be coincidence? 'Tis strange-if that! If not that-worse than strange.

FELTON. Furthermore, your worship, they found poor Mistress Amy sick abed, burning hot with a strange fever.

GEDNEY. And when they asked Goody Fairfax why she went into the woods that night, she said, -'t was to gather herbs to cool her daughter's blood.

FELTON. Herbs, forsooth! A pretty do, indeed! As worthy Doctor Griggs set forth upon the trial: she had a learned doctor within call, yet went into the woods to gather herbs! He hoped she'd had enough of gathering herbs! And, i' fact, she had; she never left her cell after the trial but for gallows hill.

SIR JASP. (aside.) It cannot be but I have found the clue;- If only further facts confirm it now.

FELTON. And now the strangest thing of all, your worship! That same day, the very hour they say, -that she was hanged, the gold and jewels in the chest were gone!-they disappeared!

GEDNEY. Which proved them Devil's ore, and justified her hanging as a witch.

SIR JASP. Were all not sure then of her guilt?

GEDNEY. O, all were sure, --at least the Rev. Cottou Mather was; and surely the Lord's will doth abide in him. Yet, there's naught like having two proofs though ye need but one, and-

FELTON. (taking him up.) And that was why, straightway after the hanging. Justice Harthorne and Rev. Cotton Mather went to the Justice's study chamber, where they had stored the chest for keeping during trial, and both together opened the chest and found it empty! Not a bit o' yellow dust, or aught, stuck even in a crack.

GEDNEY. And all the time the Rev. Cotton Mather had had the key.

SIR JASP. My good man, Gedney, this is a strange report.

GEDNEY. Yea, verily, strange; yet true, your worship, true.

SIR JASP. (doubtingly.) Who saw the gold and jewels in the chest at Justice Harthorne's? Yet, from thence, yes even from there might they not have been stolen? Yes, even though Cotton Mather had the key.

GEDNEY. Stolen? Why, your worship, there's not a thief alive had dared to touch them! they had the curse death upon them! Stolen? Not unless you'd say the Devil steals his own.

BREED. (offf L. U. E., and
D. R. C.) Let me in!

let me in!
entering behind scene and crossing to
(Knocks on D. R. C.) Quick, quick,
GEDNEY. (startled.) What's that? (SIR JASPER rises.)
(GEDNEY, FELTON AND POLL startled. FELTON crosses
quickly to D. and opens, and enter CALVIN BREED, fright-

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ened and out of breath from running. He comes down R. and
leans against table.)
GEDNEY. (as he enters.) What? Master Breed!
(GEDNEY, FELTON and POLL occupy themselves with BREED
during SIR JASPER'S solus. BREED sits R. of table.)
SIR JASP. (solus, down L. as BREED comes to table.)
It grows more clear, more doubtless to my mind!
A woman-lone; a single child-a girl,-
Ten years ago; and now this mystery
Of the chest of gold and jewels, which this woman,--
Fairfax as they do call her,-would not tell
The source of. Yes, that very secrecy
Of hers seems to me, so far, strongest proof.
For I do know the guardian of the child
I seek, swore never to betray the secret
Of her ward's parentage till the permission,
Which I bear with me, freed her from her oath.
Betrayal might have proven death, or worse,
Unto the child, and her oath was, to die
Herself ere she betray, and to tell whence
These gold and jewels, she might prove forsworn.
Yet, spite this seeming, I must have more proof.
BREED. (recovering breath.) O-I-am-out-of-of breath.
SIR JASP. (recalled from his reverie, looking at BREED. Aside.)
And out of wits, from all appearances.
GEDNEY. (crossing from BREED, L.) Your worship this be
Master Calvin Breed, nephew to Justice Harthorne. He's
but lately come from Wales; - besides, they say he'll be
the Justice's heir.
SIR JASP. (apart.) Nephew to Justice Harthorne and his
heir! Yet, he may have more brains than shows his face.
BREED. (in chair R. of table; FELTON R. in front; POLL C.
behind table; GEDNEY L. C., SIR JASPER L.) O! O! I've
been so frightened!
FELTON. (with contempt.) Frightened!
BREED. I had a-a dream last night!
SIR JASP. (apart.) The fool! Frightened in broad midday
over his last night's dream. (Goes up L).
BREED I dreamt I married Mistress Amy Fairfax, and she
turned out a witch and smothered me!
GEDNEY. Hear that! and the children calling-Fairfax.
BREED. (excitedly.) Ye've heard it then? Everybody talks
about it! Nothing but it! (SIR JASP., L. C. back, listens.)
Just now some one cried out to me: "Look ye, Master
Breed, there be Mistress Amy Fairfax following ye! heed

ye! she's the new witch!" and truly as I looked behind me there she was. O, I am so frightened over my escape! Think ye;-suppose suppose it had not been a dream! (Knocking D. R. C. All start but SIR JASPER. BREED jump-

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ing out of chair, down R., FELTON and POLL to R. C.) Heed ye,-heed ye, Master Gedney! It might be the witch! (Then as GEDNEY goes to door.) O, I would I were at home in Wales!

(GEDNEY opens door; enter MESSENGER.)

MESSEN. (to GEDNEY.) Doth one Sir Jasper Gates abide with thee?

SIR JASP. (L. C. B.) I am he; what would ye?

MESSEN. Your worship, these from His Honorable the Governor, the Worshipful Sir William Phips. (Hands letter ; remains L. C. B.)

FELTON. (crossing to MESS. as SIR JASP. comes down L.) Friend what may be the news to Boston town?

(FELTON and MESS. L. C. B; GEDNEY and BREED R. of table. Exit POLL R. 1 E., and return with drink for BREED, serving it at table during SIR JASPER'S reading.)

SIR JASP. (L. breaking seal.) From the Governor? Then he has learned of my arrival. (reads.) "Word having reached His Excellency the Governor, Sir William Phips, that Sir Jasper Gates, a messenger on weighty public business from His Majesty's Court, has disembarked at Salem instead of first reporting himself to the Governor, the said Sir Jasper Gates, therefore, is hereby commanded, immediately and without delay, to attend the person of His Excellency the Governor, at his House of State in Boston." (speaks, aside.)

So-so; court etiquette, it seems, thrives here

As well as at St. James! Sir William Phips

Requires obedience and respect-in office.

Yet I have known him as plain Master Phips, -

A merchant, -trader, -wrecker! Such is power.

Thus am I interrupted in my search;-

And will it keep till my return? Return

I must, soon as I can explain to Phips

The nature and full purpose of my visit here.

The clue that I have found, -if clue it be,-

The Governor should hear of; for I think

There is more witchcraft of man's making here

Than some good honest worthy souls would dream of.

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(Then aloud to MESSENGER.)

If ye can get me horse, -I'll ride at once.

(MESSENGER bows and exit D. R. C. FELTON goes with him.)

Landlord, no choice but to take leave of thee.

Let this console ye (gives coin)-and the fact therewith

That I shall seek your welcome once again

With that despatch I can.

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(Shouting, etc., heard off L. U. E. Music, action from this on quick.)

GEDNEY. (pocketing coin.) What may that be?

BREED. (starting up as before, frightened.) If-it-should be-the witch!

(POLL goes to window and looks off. BREED goes up R. cautiously and looks through D. R. C.)

GEDNEY. (as POLL leaves window and comes down L.) What is it?

BREED. (starting away from door and down R. quickly. Oh! oh! it-it is the witch. O, would I were at home in Wales!

FELTON. (appearing at window.) They're stoning Mistress Amy Fairfax! (Exit from window.)

SIR JASP.

(starting, L. in front.) What?

(Enter FELTON, D. R. C., down R.)

FELTON. (entering.) They're stoning Mistress Amy Fairfax!

(Noise, etc., increases approaching. For a moment all seem paralyzed. Then AMY appears, running past window to D.

R. C. GEDNEY crosses quickly to D. R. C.)

AMY. (without, calling:) Spare me! spare me!-(then at D. R. C., entering.) Oh, Landlord, save-protect me! for God's love!

GEDNEY. Out, out! ye'll bring a curse, upon my house!

(Attempts to thrust her back, out of door.)

AMY. (In fear and terror.) No! no! no!-do not-do not! Oh, Master Gedney! O, God pity me!

SIR JASP. (rushing forward, and flinging GEDNEY aside.) Forbear ye, man! have ye no pity? Shame!

(AMY, just within door where GEDNEY has forced her, as SIR JASPER throws GEDNEY aside, throws up her hands behind her head as if to shield herself and as to a spot hit, and uttering a scream, staggers forward, falling.)

(SIR JASPER catches AMY in arms. People appear at door and window.)

POLL. (as AMY staggers.) Oh! she has been hit! Shame!

SIR JASP. (bearing AMY down c.) Bar ye the door, some one o' ye! Are ye but brutes to stand and see a woman murdered?

(POLL quickly crosses and closes D. R. C. FELTON ditto window. Jeers and hoots from crowd without.)

BREED. (running to D. R. C.) Nay! let me out! let me out!

SIR JASP. (c., holding AMY, and gazing intently in her face, starting.) That face?--the living image of his face!

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And have I found her then, indeed?-and thus?-

Merciful heaven,--can it indeed be so?

(SIR JASPER C., holding AMY; GEDNEY L. C.; POLL R. C.;

FELTON at window L. C.; BREED at door R. C., frightened and trying to get out The action must be rapid from SIR JAS-

PER'S cue, "with what despatch I can," accompanied by music. Noise of crowd without must continue till curtain is down.)

Curtain.

END OF ACT FIRST.

1

ACT II.

SCENE (set for act)—Presence chamber, Justice Harthorne's house. Flat, 3d groove, with alcove window L. C., and door C. opening into garden, with gate visible through door, and hedge through the window. Arch R. C., in flat, opening into library, with table and chairs visible. Doors R. 1, and L. 1, and 2 E.; large open fire-place R., with fire burning. Table R. C.,—chairs. Walls hung with portraits.

Time—just following action of Act I.

Curtain rises, discovering JUSTICE HARTHORNE pacing room; GOODY HARTHORNE standing R. C., beside table.)

JUSTICE. (L. C.) I tell ye I don't like it, not a whit!

It makes my project risky. Would the devil
Had given those children any name but Fairfax;
Curse them!

GOODY H.

We are cursed, John,
Being thus afflicted with strange things.
This Fairfax girl,—you know I never liked her,
For she is comlier than my Mable is,—
Although I'm grieved that she should be accused,
Mayhap, it be a judgment 'gainst her vanity.
JUSTICE. She is not vain; and 'tis no judgment either!
'Tis bosh! She's no more witch than ye, —
Or I, or any else! This witchcraft business
Is nonsense; shallow-pated superstition,
Which, like aught else, wise men may make good use of.
But Amy must be saved, else all is spoiled,—
My present plans, —the future of our family.
GOODY H. You say she's born to noble heritage;
And you have proofs,—you do not trust me with,—
Which, she possessing, gives her claim to wealth
And high estate in England?

JUSTICE.

Wealth and title;
Which failing her possession is the Crown's.
Therefore if she be hung a witch, the Crown
Gets all which we will thereby lose; but saved
And married in our family, we acquire
Wealth, power,—I know not what! Perchance, favor
To make you Lady Harthorne, or, still better,
My Lady Governor!

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GOODY H.

John, art right sure

The children cried out-Fairfax?

JUSTICE.

Sure? Too sure!

And who is there of that name now but Amy?

Had I known, ere her mother hung, what now

I know, I had moved heaven and earth in striving
To have saved her.

GOODY H.

John, I will save you Amy.

Assert 'tis Goody Fairfax they accuse, -

No matter that she's dead, --stick to that fast!

They named not Amy, therefore t' is not she.-

There's nothing like assurance with a crowd,

Where lies boldly pronounced will win you grace

While modest truth shall be laughed down with shame.

JUSTICE. (smiling.) That is a fact power quickly learns to
cherish.

GOODY H. Then, prove your faith in Amy's innocence

By letting it be known Calvin will wed her.-

Ship both to England,-wed them there, -

And then search up her wealth, her power,

Even as you have planned. These witchcraft times

Cannot last always;-then,-if so they will, -

Have Amy back again as Mistress Calvin Breed

And, marry! Salem town will ring her welcome.

JUSTICE.

Ay, marry, would they! Goodwife, thou hast wit!

I'll act out thy devising; ay, and quickly!

For should the children cry out Amy's name,

When we with Mather visit them to-morrow,

'T were best let Satan end his work, than try

To stop this Christian hangman out of his.

GOODY H. (horrified.) John!

JUSTICE. Oh, Mather is a godly man, I know!

So godly he would hang me up John Harthorne,---

Yea, and his wife, and all his household too,

If we could hang as witches! But, hark ye!

That was between ourselves; we'd hang in truth

If it were known abroad; therefore, heed ye.

Calvin I'll see at once, and tell my plan,

And-

GOODY H.

JUSTICE.

GOODY H.

Why, consent he must.

And then for Amy.

And, if ye be but wisely shrewd, ye'll lose not

To make this accusation play for ye,

In showing how ye'd shield her from it.

JUSTICE.

Why,

Thou shouldst have been a man! thy wit is man's!

GOODY H. (flattered.) And John, -then Mable, if thou be
a knight,-

Or governor, perchance, -Mable can wed
A lord?

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(Enter BREED, L. U.E., behind hedge, crossing to gate.)

JUSTICE. Yes, Mable then can marry anything;

But first must Amy marry Calvin Breed.

(BREED entering gate and C. D. quickly, as if having been running, out of breath, reaching door in time to overhear his name.)

BREED. (entering) Well, uncle, -oh!-well, here I am, -
and-oh!-

JUSTICE. (L.C.) Thou art well come; I have something to
tell ye.

Come.

BREED. Yes, uncle. (apart, as exit.) Would I were at home
in Wales!

(Exit JUSTICE, L. 1 E. BREED, then, following.)

GOODY H. (R. C. & R.) Yes, Mable then can marry anything,
And anything shall be a lord at least!

(Exit GOODY H. R. 1 E.-As she goes off MABLE enters L.
U. E., behind hedge, briskly to gate, and enters. She is cloaked
and has hat on.)

MABLE. (entering C. D.) I saw Dick Felton give my note my-
self, and more, I've seen Will. Aldrich have it in his
hand. He is coming close behind me!-(enter ALDRICH,
L. U. E., behind hedge; MABLE at window L. C. B. peep-
ing.)-Ah! he is here! - Yes, I'll do it! I'll hide me
here! perchance I will see him read it and-(enters al-
cove window and draws curtains, from between which she
peeps, unobserved, as ALDRICH enters C. D. slowly, looking
at letter, sealed with wax and not in an envelope, which he
. holds in his hand.)

ALDRICH. (entering.) If all of Salem town be not bewitched
There is no truth in witchcraft!

Yet socery or not, here is a mystery.-(examines letter.)

He who thrust this upon me, and as quickly

Vanished from sight, as any wizard might,-

Said, most distinctly, 'twas for Justice Harthorne.

Having it in my hand, without a glance,

I thrust it in my pocket, now to find

Instead of Justice Harthorne's name my own;

As fairly writ as lady's hand can scribe it, -

For by my faith, this is a woman's hand.-(R. C. B.)

Now either he who gave it lied to me,

Or some unhuman process is at work

And changed the superscription for some ill;-

And of the twain, methinks the fellow lied.

(Sits R. of table. MABLE peeps and listens unobserved.)

But who should write to me in such a wise?

(reads) "Master Will. Aldrich, These."

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MABLE. (apart)

My very words!

I grow impatient! will he read no more?

ALDRICH. Now, marry, thinking on it makes it worse.

It is an arrant case of socery,

And for my soul's good I should speak with Mather!--

'Tis past all doubt I have bewitched some maid,

Unwittingly, I most devoutly vouch, -

Who thus in turn would work a spell on me.-

But, thanks to fortune, I am proof.

MABLE. (apart.) What do I hear?

ALDRICH. (continuing.) Whoe'er the maiden be she may be honest;

And since to know her would not be to gain

More than a sense of pain for her or me,

Better for each that she remain unknown.

If honest love she seeks, I could not give it, -

If otherwise-I would not.

MABLE. (surprised and piqued.)-

What?-could not, would not?

ALDRICH. (rising.) 'Tis pity such fair spells as this should fail,

For want of proper action, -yet 'tis best.

Who was it gave it me? if I could think,

I'd make him take it back from whence it came.-

(Then after a pause, throwing it unopened into the fire.)

Ashes, confess naught, so can bear no witness;

Thus the maid's folly and my fault's forgotten.

Fault? Yes, my fault! to have a mind so crammed

With vagrant follies, -known as poet's dreams, -

That sober life and common sense pass by

While I nor see nor answer their salute!

A man with such a downy brain 's a fool;

And heaven should have spared him from this earth

Where he can only live to spoil a life!

There is some chance that born in paradise,

Earth-free, he had been proven worth his soul.

(During last lines ALDRICH enters library, and sits at table with back to audience. MABLE comes forward.)

MABLE. (down L.) Could one believe it? burn it, and unread!-

I thank him for the burning; but not read it?

His words-O, how they chill'd my heart:- "Better

For each that she remain unknown," and why?

'Twas that, the reason, was the sting!-because-

"If honest love she seeks I could not give it."

Why could not give it?-why?-It cannot be

That he already loves-loves some one else?

Are my eyes so love-blind I cannot see?

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Perhaps it is someone in Boston town,-
 He often visits there; -or may it be
 Even so far away as England?-He
 Is one whose constancy could span an ocean;-
 He looks it, acts it! Where he puts his faith
 There will it rest till doomsday. It is that
 Which makes me fear, fearing he loves another.
 If I should find that out, and find her out. (R. C.)
 Love's not so strong to save as hate to-kill!
 (Exit MABLER.1E. As she goes out music, and enter SIR
 JASPER and AMY, L. U. E., xing to gate. AMY leaning for
 support on SIR JASPER; they walk slowly, and pause C. D.
 AMY just within doorway. ALDRICH rises and taking a book
 from table disappears in library off R.)
 AMY. (C. D. steadying herself at door, speaking with effort.)
 Will ye not enter sir?-the Justice,-he
 Would thank ye, sir; he has been kind to me.
 SIR JASP. Nay, not for thanks!-I need none-wish for none-
 Save thine! and more-I have no time for stay.-
 But, pray ye, -lean upon me to a seat.
 AMY. (rejecting profer and coming down c. unsteadily.-
 No, no! I-I am strong! Wherefore not strong?
 (Reaches chair L. of table, and sinks into it exhausted.)
 SIR JASP. (B. C. watching AMY, speaking apart.)-
 Poor girl! Ye have an angry fate, and cruel;
 And ye were stronger even than a man
 Could ye withstand the shock-that has unnerved ye.-
 Leave ye I must, but Heaven grant not for long;
 For if thou prove not her for whom I seek, -
 Yet for thy face is like what her's might be,
 Orphaned, I'll be thy father and protect thee!
 I dared not tell ye aught; nor raise more hope
 Than that thou'dst here be safe from violence.
 Yet must I speed me quick to Boston town
 If, even, I'd make that hope good to ye.
 The whiles I'm gone the Justice has my letter;
 And if he be not of the mad himself
 I doubt not he will strive to spare ye harm.
 Poor girl! she is unstrung indeed, poor girl.
 (pause.)
 (Exit SIR JASPER C D. and off L. U. E without disturbing
 AMY.)
 AMY. (who has been completely overcome and exhausted mentally
 and physically by the excitement she has undergone, now
 gradually recovering. After SIR JASPER goes, short pause;
 then rousing suddenly as if remembering him, rising.)-
 O, sir, your pardon!-Gone?-(pause) - He, -only he
 Was human! Saved me, -saved me from their hands.
 (Again sinks into chair. Then after a pause.)-
 Witch!-witch!-O, mother, mother, I dreamt not

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How much ye bore and suffered until this hour!----

Jeered at, reviled, --hunted, -stoned, -near to death;-
Saved by a stranger, -one I never knew
From friends, companions who have known me always.
(She burys her head in her arms on table, sobbing.)
JUSTICE. (without). Ye shall not say me nay!-wed her ye
shall,
And greater now the need ye wed one at once.
(Enter JUSTICE, followed by BREED, L. 1 E.)
BREED. (entering, frightened, etc.) Oh, there she be! O, uncle!
JUSTICE. (stopping L. C, hushing BREED.) Silence, boy!
BREED. (apart.) Oh, me! my dream is coming true! Oh, me!
I would I were at home in Wales!
JUSTICE. (to BREED.)
Leave us.-
Go to your aunt, and bring her here anon.
(BREED tiptoes cautiously and quickly to R., and exit R. 1
E. JUSTICE continues, aside.)
Calvin has told me all; and all my fears, -
Too soon for me, -seem verging unto facts.
Stoned in the street, and hunted as a witch;
Hot haste, indeed, ill sped for me! Yet I
Must even work it to my gain; mayhap
'T will aid me in the end. In tears? That's well;
For woman's tears oft wash the barriers down
That bar a schemer's access to her heart.
(Then approaching AMY, aloud.) Girl. (AMY does not
hear.) Amy.
AMY. (suddenly, starting up. Ha! (then as she recognizes him,
throwing herself on her knees before him, pleadingly, hys-
terically:)
Oh, sir, protect me! save me! save me! Since
They killed my mother you have been my friend;
And now they'll kill me too,-hunt me ev'n here,
And O, I am no witch! God witness me,
I never harmed a soul in deed or thought!
JUSTICE. (raising her.) Up, girl.-I have heard all; and bit-
terly
I grieve for all our sakes, though most for ye;-
Ye are so young and I believe it, guiltless.
But men's hearts now are sorely wrung with mysteries,
Yea, and much of evil seeming; and the Lord
Hath made them hard of heart and pitiless,
Even according to their understandings.
AMY. So hard, -so pitiless.
JUSTICE.
Ye have been watched,
My dame and I, because of what befell
In righteous judgment on thy erring mother-

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AMY. (interrupting with spirit, as if about to resent imputation.)

My mother

JUSTICE. (checking her.) Heed ye!-lest by some ill made,
Howbeit, well meant speech,-ye some way

Confirm the ill things charged against ye.-Heed!-
 Yes, we have marked ye; and can witness each
 How thou'rt God-fearing, humble, and correct.
 This may do much to free ye from the taint;
 Yet I would do ye more,--can do ye more.
 Sit ye. (sits in chair R. of table.)
 AMY. (sitting L. of table.) Oh, sir, my life shall be one thank,
 Its service all to thee.
 JUSTICE. (apart.) She seems most apt.
 (then to her.)
 My office gives me power, esteem, good will,
 And each is granted me to use my own:
 Yet each is so much held in certain check
 By the whole people's voice, that for my own good,-
 Yea, safety, as these times do be, -I dare not
 Do all I would for ye, save having much
 And potent cause, which the rash-driven crowd
 Unreasoning can understand and give
 Unquestioned their approval. Do ye mark?
 AMY. Yes.-Thou fear'st even thou might be accused.
 (ALDRICH reappears in library, sits L. of library table.)
 JUSTICE. (covertly startled.) They dare not, for I be in power.
 I mean,-
 They who do the King's offices, in them
 The Lord abideth, and they so are safe, -
 They and their families. Thou 'rt not my kin;
 Wert thou, thou wert safe then, past every doubt.
 AMY. (as JUSTICE pauses. ALDRICH now sees and watches fol-
 lowing.) Well.
 JUSTICE. Thou art not my kin, yet ye might be.
 I'd marry ye to Master Calvin Breed,
 (AMY starts up erect. ALDRICH rises. Enter GOODY H.
 and BREED, R. 1 E.)
 My nephew and my heir.-There be he now;
 Give him thy hand, and peradventure ye
 Be not saved only, but wed happily.
 BREED. (aside.) Oh, would I were at home in Wales.
 AMY. No, no! I cannot wed with Master Breed.
 (JUSTICE rises, crossing front of table.)
 JUSTICE. (surprised.) Cannot?
 (crossing L.)
 BREED. (aside, delighted.) My dream's not coming true. (L.)

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AMY. (calmly, and firmly.)
 Cannot.
 JUSTICE. Heed ye, girl; be not rash; thy life's in danger;
 I would save ye,-show ye the way to safety.
 GOODY H. Think ye, there be two ways girl;-one to life, -
 It leads to church to wed with nephew Breed;
 The other leads to gallows hill and death.
 BREED. (aside.) If she should change her mind!--my dream!
 Oh, me!

AMY. (L. of chair.) Then gallows hill and death!-The only soul
 Who loved me-truly loved me here on earth,
 Tasted the bitterness of both; and I-
 I should be strong to bravely bear as she.
 (AMY'S whole manner changes from one of weakness to one of great and inspired nervous energy and strength, caused by the sudden recognition of her hopeless position and friendlessness.)
 JUSTICE. What would ye, girl? Throw thy own life away?
 (ALDRICH comes down to library door, interested, unobserved.)
 AMY. No! be true to my God! true to myself!
 True to the lessons my dead mother taught,
 And prayed that I should live by. (starts.) Farewell!
 JUSTICE. (R. C.)
 Stay! girl-
 AMY. (C.) Ye have been kind.-I thank ye for all kindness;
 And though ye'd wrong me now, forgive the wrong.
 But here I can abide no longer;-whither
 I go heaven shall lead me and protect.-
 O, this dull weight upon my brain!-
 JUSTICE.
 Rash girl,
 You go not! yield unto my will; ye must!
 "'Tis for thy good, girl, for thy life's sake! yield.
 AMY. (roused.) I am no kin of thine,-but now ye said it,-
 And ye have neither right nor power to stay me!
 JUSTICE. Have patience; -hear me-
 AMY.
 Patient I have been, -
 Patient to hear one whom I deemed a friend
 Now prove his friendship but a thing of sale,-
 His charity a barter with a price!
 GOODY H. Nay, girl, what is it asked of thee? simply
 To aid us to save thee, and thereto to wed-
 AMY. (interrupting.) One whom my heart knows not! can
 never know!
 Whom to wed thus were crime?
 JUSTICE. (aside.) 'Tis vain to speak. (then aloud.)
 Yet, act not now in haste; think, -take the night.
 AMY. There is no need to think! the heart thinks not!
 Its judgments or for right or wrong at once.-

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 Think? think? would that I could not think! my brain
 Already seems on fire, and burning thoughts
 Scorch to my very soul!-They call'd me witch,-
 I know not what I may not be! beware!-
 O mother, let me once more come to thee.
 (Exit AMY, C. D.)
 ALDRICH crosses R. C. and to C. D.)
 GOODY H. (R.) She's gone! my heart is lighter for it.
 BREED. (L.)

So is mine!

JUSTICE. (sinking in chair L. of table.)

And in my heart is ruin of bright hopes, -
Ambition, wealth, and power!

(AMY without C. D. ALDRICH R. of C. JUSTICE in chair.

BREED, L. GOODY H., R.)

Curtain.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE (set for act)-The Witch's hut on Salem beach. The hut is built of rude timber, logs and clay; and has appearance of having been lately occupied, but now disused: there is no bed on bedstead, clothes-press is open and empty.

Time-evening, just after sunset, growing dark during scene, and stars appearing one by one and last moon rising, off L. U. E., and up until in flies.

Curtain rises to music, pathetic, p. p. p., eight bars, and enter AMY, L. 2 E. slowly. Music continues through her pantomime. She is dressed as in Act II, but without hat or wrap,-and her manner is that of one dazed and bewildered as by the mental strain and shock she has undergone.

AMY. (Entering. Pantomime. Pauses L., leaning against rock and gazes at hut, despair, grief, seeing it and remembering her happy days there and their end in her mother's death.

Crosses C. and again pauses as if uncertain, dreading to go on, and yet impelled to enter hut. After a moment she continues, and enters hut, closing door behind her. When inside, the excitement and her emotions overpower her, and she sinks into chair L. of table and burys her head in her arms on table, weeping. Music stops.)

FELTON. (as music stops, off L. U. E., approaching.) We be safe now, Poll! It were a blessed Providence though the tide were not running out to sea when I broke the oar.

POLL. (the same.) We be overlate Dick, and father-

FELTON. (interruptings; poling in a row-boat with an oar, standing in bow; POLL seated in stern. Boat worked 4th grooves, L. to R.) Will scold ye? but ye'll not mind that sweetheart!

(then suddenly recognizing the place.) Heaven save us, Poll! it's at the witch's hut we've put ashore!

POLL. (startled.) Dick! (Boat grounds B. C. POLL rises.)

FELTON. (standing in bow, as if undecided whether to get out or not.) I do not like it, Poll; nay, but I do not! Mayhap it be some omen.

POLL. No help now, Dick; we must get out and home. O why, why did you land here, Dick?

FELTON. (helping her out.) And how was I to know, with the darkness coming on, and talking sweet to ye,-I-I did not heed the land.

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POLL. (down L. C., encouragingly.) But, Dick, the hut is empty! No one, ye know, has dared to enter it since

Goody Fairfax was hanged; no, not even Rev. Cotton Mather nor the Justice, nor even Mistress Amy-

FELTON. (having drawn up boat, and taken his coat from it, down POLL'S R. quickly, interrupting.) Don't Poll, don't! don't ye speak her name HERE-nor her mother's either! Ye don't know if they be not both witches-as some do say! It may be in the blood-(starting.) Hush!-what's that?

POLL. (frightened, catching hold of DICK's arm.) Dick?

FELTON. (after a pause.) I guess 't were naught, or a frog, perhaps,-or-or my thinking on the omen,--I mean our putting ashore here, Poll.

POLL. Let's home. It be getting dark fast, and father-

FELTON. Will never scold ye, sweetheart, -never fear, if I can get a tongue-wag at him, and he hears we've fetched news from Boston town. (He has been putting on coat during this, and righting it a letter falls from pocket.) What's that?

POLL. (picking it up.) A letter, Dick.

FELTON. (coat on. Looking at it.) A letter! Poll! why that be the same one! Well, well! I knew them Paris girls would put me out o' head;-or-or, mayhap, I am bewitched myself!

POLL. Bewitched? O, my! Dick!

FELTON. Why this be the same letter the gentleman bade me take to Justice Harthorne this morning;-and I made sure I gave it to Master Aldrich along with that that Mistress Mable gave me.

POLL. (wonderingly.) Mistress Mable gave ye? Dick?

FELTON. Ye mustn't tell it Poll, it is a secret, she made me promise that first! Ye see, she stopt me going to Rev. Mr. Paris' house after the Justice, and gives me a letter to be handed quick to Master Aldrich; and seems like I forgot it too, like to the gentleman's---them children put me into such a flurry! And when I met Master Aldrich, - why I thought I gave him both.

POLL. Oh, Dick! you always be so careless, so heedless!

FELTON. (growing nervous.) Nay, Poll, I am not sure I'm not bewitched myself!-I do feel queer!----The gentleman is gone-

POLL. But Justice Harthorne;---take it to him at once! Oh, Dick, if it should bring you ill-

FELTON. (interrupting, frightened.) Hush!--the hut!-did ye hear nothing? If Goody Fairfax's ghost now-

AMY. (who is some calmer, lifting her hands and pressing her brow, gives a half groan half long-drawn sigh at the word "now," interrupting FELTON.)

FELTON. (as POLL gives a suppressed scream and runs off L. 1 E.,

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following.) It was an omen! Oh, why did we put ashore here? And the letter? Oh, what shall I do?

(Exit FELTON, quickly, L. 1 E., following POLL.)

AMY. (solus.) Again these walls, these rude familiar things;
 They gaze at me, and through the dark and silence
 In muteness seem to share my grief.
 (Enter ALDRICH, L. 3 E., quickly, but cautiously, and looking about him and off L., as if searching for some watcher. He then crosses and exit R. U. E., searching, etc.)
 AMY. (continuing, during ALDRICH's entrance, etc.) Oh, mother!
 Here must thou be in spirit,-here with me,
 Where oft, so oft, I sought thy kiss of comfort
 Kneeling beside this chair, where now I seek
 And find not! (Exit ALDRICH, R. U. E.)
 Yet, I cannot think but now
 I feel thy soft hand pass my aching brow, -
 Smoothe back my hair,-with the same healing touch
 I felt so oft when thou wert-here! And, now
 I seem to hear a voice, -too faint for sound,-
 That yet sounds like thy voice,-bidding me hope,
 Be strong, to bear all bravely, --worthily.
 Yes! I should bear as thou, -the worst-but death.
 ALDRICH. (re-entering R. U. E., and down c.)
 Perchance I was mistaken; yet I thought
 I saw figures glide through the dark, and heard
 Stray wafted sounds of voices. (c.) 'Tis the place.
 She is,-must be within, for she was seen
 To wander down the beach this way. (approaches hut.)
 AMY. (solus.) Strange, -strange, this feeling which comes
 o'er me;-
 As of some presence though unseen, still felt!-
 It cannot be illusion;-yet, -what else? (rises; music.)
 What is that which assumes, and seems to be
 My mother's self?-her person, -features, -dress, -
 All, as in life when last I saw her! There!
 There in the darkness, standing right before me!
 (ALDRICH opens door of hut, and enters. Pauses, noting
 AMY, not seen by her.)
 AMY. (continuing, her manner rapt and strange, addressing vacancy.)
 Oh, though thou be a vision only, still
 I thank thee, bless thee for thy coming. (kneels.)
 ALDRICH. (at door, aside.) Poor girl! can it then be that thy
 mind wavers?
 AMY. (continuing, still kneeling.) Thou smil'st? 'tis the same

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smile! Oh, let me clasp
 Thy hand, -touch but thy garment's hem, and find
 That I have followed thee beyond,-unknowingly,-
 Without the pang of death.
 ALDRICH. (aside, still at door.)
 Would that could be,
 When men as they do now make murder righteous.
 AMY. (as before.) It fades!-fainter, -fainter, yet smiling
 still.-

Oh, take me take me with thee, -mother!--mother!
(Falls prostrate on the floor.)
ALDRICH. (starts forward, about to lift her, but pauses; aside.)
Tears?-then the visionary spell is broken. (short pause.)
Amy.
AMY. (suddenly, starting.) Ha! - Master Aldrich? here?-
hence! haste!
Oh, quickly, leave me!-wherefore here?
ALDRICH. (her L.)
Because,
Though all the world turned from thee, cast thee out,
I should stand by thee, share all with thee.
AMY. Thou? thou?-No! no! I bear a curse, and thou-
ALDRICH. Will share that curse or ere I shun thee for it!
AMY.
Forgive the time and place, and my blunt speech, -
I love you; all is told in that;-
You?-you?
ALDRICH. (continuing.) A long tale briefly told. Perchance
I err
Grievously, fatally; for love is oft
A shallow egotist, deeming that so
Which is not; -yet, I do believe that thou-
AMY. (stopping him.) Stay, Master Aldrich, stay! Speak
thus no more.
There's that to come should counsel us to pause, -
Should counsel strength to put aside earth's weakness.
ALDRICH. Love is no weakness; it is life's best strength!
Courage, endurance upon earth;-beyond,
The very breath, the worth of Paradise!
You are alone in all the world: -tell me
You love me not, and my lips shall be sealed
Henceforth, saving as friend; as friend I still
Claim right to aid ye, -strive to save ye still.
(Enter MABLE, L. 3 E., her cloak's hood drawn closely over
her face to conceal her identity. She enters hastily, cautiously,
looking round; crosses R. U. E. behind hut and then returns
and down c. to L. C.)
MABLE. (entering, etc.)
Then returning.)
It is the hut. (x. R. U. E. and exit.
He did not pass it! He, -(c., wonderingly.)
Could he have entered? (L. C.)

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ALDRICH. (to AMY, who has sunk down in chair, lost in thought.)
Silent?
AMY. (nervously, as if to gain time to think.) No, no,-no!
MABLE. (starting.) Voices! his, and can it be Amy Fairfax?
She?-she beneath the self-same roof, and I
Never suspect it, see it? If it be-
(Aldrich's voice interrupts.)
ALDRICH. (to AMY.) If must be, bid me hence; yet think,

think well.

I seek no gain save what thy love shall give;-
That wealth of thought and feeling which makes life
Complete,-man perfect, with a will, before
Unknown, to brave, to dare, and conquer ills;-
Or failing victory, gives right to die
A sacrifice that makes defeat a virtue.

MABEL. (apart, listening at hut.) I hear,-yet would I could
deny my ears!

AMY. (abstractedly.) Heaven, despite the storm-cloud, bends
the bow,-

Despite the earthquake, fills the air with bloom;
So the poor woe-crushed souls of mortals, dream,
Sorrow despite, life's bow and bloom still theirs!

ALDRICH. Silent?-You will not say you do not love me?-
Then say you do. (is about to take her hand.)

AMY. (rising, shrinking from him.) Yes, I do love you,-

MABLE. (as before.)

Ah?

AMY. (continuing.) Love you too much to drag you down
to shame,-

To death!

Not death!

Yes! even now I see

ALDRICH.

AMY.

Where, on the gallows hill, senseless, dead, cold
I swing. (MABLE shrinks back in terror from hut.)

ALDRICH. Hush, Amy! Banish thoughts like these, -
And hark to bright ones. I have sought and learned
All that you need to fear; and do believe,
If lying gossip and wild rumor be
Not checked, you will be hanged a witch.

AMY. (anxiously.)

You do believe-?

And you,-

ALDRICH. (interrupting.) Nothing; nor aught in witchcraft.

AMY. (relieved.) Oh, bless you, bless you! I did fear myself-
Perchance-unknowing it-

ALDRICH.

A witch? Ah, Amy,

The witchcraft to be feared, -that is, is born
In busy brains; in hearts o'er-fraught with malice,-
Whose envy needs must strike from 'neath a mask,-
And idling, silly minds befooled by tricks
Seen but not understood. Such witchery
I fear masters the unsuspecting goodness

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Of even such a man as Cotton Mather,

And hales on lesser men to cruelty,

Injustice, murder.

MABLE. (at hut side, as before.) Can this be so? If so,

Why then I see a sure way to revenge!
ALDRICH. (continuing.) To-day rumor alone accuses you,
Though that be founded in the one word--Fairfax,
Dropt by the children this forenoon; to-morrow, -
Rumor, to-day's bold violence to you,
And blind belief in those who wish no eyes,
May bring a formal accusation forth,
And then-too late. But now thou yet art safe,
And may be still by flight.
MABLE. (as before.)
Flight? Never! never!
AMY. Flight? Whither?-to as certain death, -the Indians-
Starvation?
ALDRICH.
Neither.
MABLE. (starting,- sounds of shoute in distance, off L.) Shouts?
(x. L. U. E.)
ALDRICH. (continuing.)
To friends, protectors.
Briefly: the Indians are my friends; consent,
And ere the dawn we will be with them safe.
Chance aids our flight; there is a boat grounded
On the beach without,---just now I saw it,-
We'll enter it-
AMY.
And you leave all behind?
Hopes you have nourished even to their budding;-
Flowering ambition to whose perfect fruit
All look with hopeful, proud anticipation;-
Friends,-powerful, true, bountiful, and loving;-
All, stealthily forsaken, and for-me?
ALDRICH. Naught that I leave can count for any loss,
When I have thee, -my all!
MABLE. (who has been listening L. U. E., coming down c.) It
comes this way,-
A crowd of men, with lights, coming this way.-
If 't is what I suspect, I'm glad of it!
Ho, Mistress Amy, love thy love!-they come,
Who soon shall apprehend thee for a witch;
And for the proof, why I,-yes, I will give it!
They must not find me here, though; -yet there's time.
(Crosses to hut again and listens.)
ALDRICH. Speak, Amy! we should waste no time. Safe now,
Even an hour might bring destruction! Times
Like these owe birth and nourishment alone
To the insane impatience in men's minds
For something marvelous and dread.
(Sound of distant, approaching voices, in loud talk off L. U,

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E., as wafted on wind-now loud, now faint is heard from
this point on.)

AMY. (catching the sounds; startled.) Listen!

MABLE. (crossing L. 1 E.) I can escape this way behind the rocks.

ALDRICH. (startled, crossing to window.) Amy, we have no time to lose!

(Opens and looks out window, off L.)

Lights,-voices, -

And moving slowly down the beach this way!

(Closing window and coming down to her.)

Quick, Amy, come! A posse comes this way;

Who knows but it may not be sent for thee?

AMY. Fly thou! whate'er befall me, thou must go!

ALDRICH. With thee, yes; but without thee, never! Quick!

The boat, a few strong strokes and the dark waters

Will leave no track behind.

AMY. (listening.) It were in vain.-

Listen; nearer,-though they do lag as though

Assured to find their victim. But still time

For thee to leave me! Fly, Aldrich, -pray thee!

Here found, I will abate their quest; not found,

A score of eyes sharpened by disappointment

Would pierce the night, detect us, follow,-stay us.

Need I implore thee?-by thy love-confessed.

MABLE. (L. 1 E. x to c.) Nearer they come; yet one more word to hear.

(Again approaches hut, listening.)

ALDRICH. By that same love implored I must deny thee.

If thou art sought, then thou hast been accused

And warrant drawn and sworn for thy arrest, -

And I stand by thee to the end.

MABLE. (having overheard.)

That end is-death.

AMY. (suddenly, mysteriously.) Stay! Aldrich, somewhere,- somewhere, -

(Looking round room as if trying to recall something.)

In my youth,-

'Tis vivid now in memory! waking

One dead of night I seemed to see my mother,

As by some magic, slowly pass from sight

Into the floor, -beside the chimney, -there.

Though wake a dream I thought it, and in sleep

Forgot it even then; or if remembered

After, youth-like thought lightly of it. Why,

After so many years forgotten should I

Thus suddenly, -strangely, recall it now?

ALDRICH. Because of Providence! Here, by the chimney?

(Sounding floor with sword hilt.)

If here a hidden, unknown cellar, then

We yet are safe!

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MABLE. (apart.)

ALDRICH. (sounding.)

A cellar?

Solid.-solid.

FELTON. (off L. U. E., some little distance.) I see the hut!

MABLE. (zing L. 1 E. quickly.) Dick Felton's voice? I dare not stay longer!

(Exit MABLE, L. 1 E.

Lights of L. U. E.)

(Lifts large tile from hearth,

ALDRICH. Found, Amy, found!

which proves to be trap to cellar.)

AMY. (to ALDRICH) Enter, I will follow.

ALDRICH. (assisting her.) Nay, enter thou.

(AMY, assisted by ALDRICH, goes down trap. ALDRICH

then crosses, bolts door, and takes cloak and hat which he dropt

at door on entrance, and follows AMY down trap, replacing the tile above him. While he is doing this, enter with lan-

thorns, arms, etc., JUSTICE HARTHORN, MARSHAL BUNCE,

REV. PARIS, DR. GRIGGS, GEDNEY, FELTON, BREED, and

squad of guard, followed by lookers on, mostly men, though women and even children are present.)

PARIS. (entering.) The late abode of evil hath been reached.

Yea, verily, it beareth mark of sin

Upon its face, -even as doth the face

Of one whose soul abideth much with Satan.

ALDRICH. (replacing tile.) Safe till they leave; then-then to the woods.

AMY. (to ALDRICH.) With thee ever, ever-where thou wilt.

JUSTICE. You, Marshal Bunce, stand forth and do your office.

Ye all know how it grieves me, who did love,

For Christian charity, this orphan girl,

To bear my task of office in this thing;

But whom the Lord appointeth-he must act.

FELTON. (B.) The boat's just as I left it, when I heard

The groan, or something, in the hut.

BREED.

A groan?

Oh, why, why did I come? Please, some one, let's go home.

BUNCE. (approaching hut and producing warrant, addressing crowd.)

Upon my warrant this, and the attest

Of worthy Dr. Griggs and Landlord Gedney, -

Whose eyes and ears bare witness at the scene

Of accusation by the poor afflicted,

The worshipful the Rev. Mr. Paris,

His daughter, -I here seek and apprehend

The body of one Amy Fairfax, charged

With being a witch, and thereto charged withal

Of holding sinful concourse with the spirit

Of her dead mother, judged and hanged a witch,-

Even at her behest and with the aid

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Of Satan, as in most diabolical

Revenge, to persecute and torture with

Strange unseen means her mother's victims; so
 Making the act of judgment 'gainst her mother
 Of no effect. Said Amy Fairfax to
 Be taken into custody and held
 To answer to the special court in session
 This charge preferred; and by Heaven's grace
 Acquit herself, or suffer the full law.
 (pointing to hut.) She must be in, she was seen
 FELTON. (pointing
 to come this way,
 And it was her old home. Besides the groan.
 BREED. Oh, would I were at home-in Wales! Oh, me!
 BUNCE. (knocking on door of hut, with sword hilt.)
 In the King's name, open!
 AMY. (to ALDRICH.) They call and knock
 In the King's name; to disobey is treason.
 ALDRICH. And to obey-self-murder. Patience,-hope.
 JUSTICE. No answer?
 GEDNEY.
 None's within.
 FELTON. (at door.)
 The door is barred.
 BUNCE. (to guard.)
 guard.) Then break and enter. (guard approaches.)
 GRIGGS. (significantly.) Doors are barred within.
 PARIS. (to guard, who are preparing to force the door.)
 Beware, lest ye be tricked into the toils
 And satan lay hot hands on ye to singe!
 Beat in the door; but breathe each one a prayer, -
 Yea, at each stroke a prayer, and I for all.
 (They break in door, but are afraid to enter.)
 BREED. (as door gives way.) Oh, some one, let's go home!
 please let's go home!
 JUSTICE. I do not fear to enter; follow me.
 (JUSTICE, PARIS, GRIGGS and FELTON, and some few men,
 enter hut. GEDNEY, BREED, and guard, etc., stay without.)
 ALDRICH. (to AMY.) They are within.
 JUSTICE. (in hut.)
 Empty!-and not one sign
 Of life! Some error; she has not been here.
 FELTON. (at window.) The window is ajar! she barred the door
 To gain time, and escaped here through the window.
 PARIS. Yea, so perhaps; or may have taken the shape
 Of some unseemly living thing, and be,
 Unseen, within our reaching even now.
 GRIGGS. Look well ye find no spider,-toad, -or cat.
 JUSTICE. She is not here; nothing is here alive
 Save we just come.
 GEDNEY. (at hut door, to crowd.) She be not here.
 BREED. (relieved.)
 Not found?

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Then why don't we start back to town? Better
Fire the old hut, no witch can hide there then.

GEDNEY. Well thought! Put it unto the Justice.

FELTON. (overhearing, as he leaves the hut.)

What?

(Talks with crowd; by-play, who seem to take to the idea of
burning the hut.)

JUSTICE. (apart, as all leave hut but himself.)

Can she indeed be here and hidden? No,-

No place to hide. (Exit from hut.)

FELTON. (as JUSTICE leaves hut.) Yes, fire the hut!

JUSTICE. (aside.) What?

PARIS.

Yea, 't were well to do it,

That with the purge of fire the spot be cleansed,

Of foul communion with the Devil.

BUNCE. I do approve the deed and answer for't!

And if she roast within-the deed be hers,

JUSTICE. I'll not gainsay ye, if ye will the thing.

VOICES. Yes, burn it! - Set fire to it!-Burn the hut!

ALDRICH. (startled) Amy, dost hear?

(During following three speeches, men set fire to hut in rear.)

AMY. (who seems again breaking down under excitement, etc.)

Yes, yes! 'tis ended.

Yet death thus even is a boon, if shared

With thee. A little while and- Oh!

(suddenly changing her manner, as in first part this act.)

Again, that vision-form-I know not what!

Amy?

ALDRICH. (excited, with suppressed emotion)

AMY. There-there-before us, and it beckons me, -

Smiling, and-growing fainter-fainter-fainter-

ALDRICH. Strength, Amy! courage, for we must brave them.

FELTON. (as the fire begins to mount up.)

Ha! witches' huts will burn as well as any!

BREED. I like to see it burn! it was my doing.

AMY. Oh, Aldrich, --hold me-I seem-going! Whither?

I-know not how I feel! I-I-die-mercy-

(Swoons, ALDRICH catching her in his arms.)

ALDRICH. No! no! not dead! Air, -air! I'll save thee yet!

(He forces the trap up and prepares to ascend. The hut is
now in flames, and the fire illuminates stage brightly. As

ALDRICH begins to ascend cellar steps, bearing Amy in his
arms, enter MABLE, L. 1 E., in terror, running.)

MABLE. (entering.) The cellar-cellar! Master Aldrich, -
save him!

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(Falls prostrate, L. C., in front.)

JUSTICE. (running to her.) What? Mable?

PARIS. (at same time.)

FELTON. (excitedly.)

(GRIGGS x to MABLE.)
What? A cellar!
Mistress Benton?
Quick! Master Aldrich must be saved!
(FELTON and four or five others start towards hut door,
when ALDRICH, who has meantime borne AMY up out of the
cellar, breaks through the flames, out of the door, bearing AMY
in his arms. FELTON, etc, start back)
BUNCE. (as ALDRICH appears.)
Behold!
(General commotion, surprise, fear, wonder.)
PARIS. Yea, verily, He yieldeth the transgressor.
BREED. (frightened.) Oh, they are found! Oh, some one take
me home!
My dream may yet come true.
(Exit L. 2 E.)
JUSTICE. (amazed.) Aldrich? Amy?
ALDRICH. (c.) One-yes:---I know not how it be with her.
TABLEAU.
Burning hut, R.; crowd B. C. and L.; MABLE, prostrate L.
C. front; JUSTICE standing just behind and back of MABLE,
gazing at ALDRICH holding AMY, C; GRIGGS kneeling beside
MABLE on one knee; PARIS L. 3 E.; BUNCE and FELTON L.
C. B.; GEDNEY L. 1 E.
The action from ALDRICH's cue, "Amy, dost hear," must
increase in rapidity, and be accompanied by music.
Curtain.
END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.
SCENE (set for act)-Same as Act II, except that view exterior,
seen through door and window, is snow scene.)
Curtain rises discovering JUSTICE HARTHORNE seated at table in
library, reading a letter; and as curtain goes up, enter DR.
GRIGGS and GOODY HARTHORNE, R. 1 E.
GRIGGS. (entering) Physic availeth naught against the wiles
And machinations of the devil.
GOODY H. (weeping.)
Oh!
GRIGGS. (as JUSTICE rises, folds and puts letter in breast, and
comes forward.)
Your daughter's is a sore affliction; yea,
One which itself doth point unto its cause.
To be struck dumb thus without seeming cause,--
No ailment, hurt of body, much it looks
Like witchcraft. (c.)
GOODY H. (as before, R. C.)
JUSTICE. (L. of C.)
GRIGGS.
Oh!
Plainly thus:
How witchcraft?
Imprimus, there's no causus physical;-
My science and my practice findeth none.

Secundus,-mark! This Amy Fairfax, witch,
Enticeth Master Aldrich to the hut,-
Past doubt to win him by her evil spells
To sign the black deed, when comes Marshal Bunce,
And what takes place? The witch has no escape,
And she, foreknowing that the righteous ire
Of the Lord's chosen ministers of wrath,
When they were found, would only fall on her,
Not on her victim, Master Aldrich, wins him
Along with her to hide within the cellar,
That when the hut was fired he'd perish. But, -
A miracle! comes Mistress Mable, sent,
Inspired by heaven to know the mystery
Of th' hidden cellar which none else did know, -
Betrays it, and saves Master Aldrich's life!
What then? The witch foiled, in most dire revenge
Strikes Mistress Mable dumb! 'Tis plain as day.
GOODY H. (sinking into chair, L. of table.) True, true.
JUSTICE. Yet Master Aldrich saved-
GRIGGS. (picking up.) The witch? A providence!
That she might be delivered to the law.
Moreover-

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:

JUSTICE. (interrupting.) He was human! and to leave
A woman, swooned, to perish in the flames,
Though she were twenty times a witch, were murder,-
Before the law had branded her.

GRIGGS.

Yea, true;

And so perchance your child had never spoke.

GOODY H. Then may she yet recover? Is there hope?

GRIGGS. If the witch hang she may;-or if the witch
Can be prevailed upon to lift the curse
Even at the latest moment of her life.-

I go to Mistress Fairfax now: her conduct,
The Rev. Mather thinks, is strange; her mind,
Since trial and death sentence, seems unsound,
And he would not the law be meted out

Save unto those who comprehend its justice.

Besides, once more he would confront her with

Her victim here, and once again so strive

To win her to confession and to mercy.

GOODY H. Here? Bring her here?

GRIGGS.

Yes, here; and that ere long.

JUSTICE. (to GOODY H.) Here, -for, -so Mather thinks, -
beneath our roof,

Where she has reaped such kindness, is fit place

For her compassion, goodness, if aught's left,

To be awakened, stirr'd, in our behalf. (L.)

GRIGGS. (up c.) I go, but will return anon with them.

(Exit GRIGGS C. D., and off L. JUSTICE goes to door with him, and sees him out; then closes door and comes down c.)
JUSTICE. Wife, tears avail not.

GOODY H.

Oh, husband Harthorne, you-
You cried out against witchcraft! In your heart
Denied it secretly, till even I
Began to doubt in secret; and now, now
We bear just heaven's punishment! My child! (weeps.)
JUSTICE. It may be even so; yet doubt I still,
However, not so boldly as I did.-

But go unto your child; though dumb, she hears;--
Prepare her for this meeting, and-bear up.

GOODY H. (going.) The ills that others bear we can outbrave,
Till they strike home to us, then we too fail.

(Exit GOODY H., R. 1 E. JUSTICE crosses R. with her,
then to c.)

JUSTICE. (alone.) Witchcraft perchance there be; but Amy?
Yea,

Though she should be a witch 't were well for me,-
'T were something of my wrecked hopes saved, to save her.

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(Sits in chair R. of table, and takes letter from breast and reads it.)

This letter,-writ by one Sir Jasper Gates,-
Which that scamp Felton failed promptly to bring me, -
Proves Gates none less than royal messenger
Seeking a child, -a girl, heir to large estate
And ward now to the Crown, here in Salem.
He gives no name, no clue, but seeks my aid:
Yet what I know, -the secrets of the chest
Which brought her so-called mother to her death,--
Points straight to Amy as the girl. Save her,-
In England she will be no witch, and I,
Her saviour, will be well remembered! Yea,
My emptying of the chest be pardoned, praised
An honest theft, inspired by heaven, that so
I should complete the restitution. Letters
I have sent post to Boston after Gates,
Prompt upon getting his this morn, giving
Broad hint that I had found the child, a witch,
Condemned to death; and urging, at the least,
A stay of judgment from the governor,
And his return here with despatch.
If Amy prove the child he seeks, she's saved.
Aldrich? (apart, as enter ALDRICH, from L.; C. D., exoited.)
ALDRICH. (coming down c.) Justice-

JUSTICE.

Well, Master Aldrich?

ALDRICH. (C.) Justice, I come to you in friendship,---more!
As to a man,-a Christian.

JUSTICE.

What would ye?

ALDRICH. That ye forbid this meeting! 'Tis in vain:
Can bear no fruit but sorrow's, -pain to all, -
Mostly to her who stands condemned, yet guiltless.

JUSTICE. Guiltless? Would it were proven, Aldrich.

ALDRICH.

Proven?

The very evidence on which she was
Condemned had cleared her, were men's minds not fouled,
Even as their hearts, with rank fanaticism!

JUSTICE. Aldrich-

ALDRICH. I do not fear to speak, nor plainly!

I would have saved her, -did defend her, --still

Unto the last shall stand by her to death.

What evidence hung Sarah Good a witch, -

Or Goody Corey, -or Rebecca Nurse, -

Or Rev. Master Burroughs, which had not

Saved them, if men had judged by reason's light.

Not dark impulse or malice? But enough!

I come not now to argue, but to beg.

Forbid this meeting. Since 'tis heaven's will

That Amy die as did her mother, vet

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Spare her what pain ye may; -spare her the sight
Of one whose strange affliction has been charged
To her; spare her the asking a confession
Which, made as sought for, were a perjury.

ALDRICH. Aldrich, believe me, if I could I would.

I am but one, and what could I avail

When Mather, -out of goodness, honest love,

However blinded or perverted, -says

This meeting must be?

ALDRICH.

Mather! He it was

Who when Burroughs, the rope around his neck,

Asked leave to speak, granted him leave, and then

Ordered the drums to beat to drown his voice!.

I have no more to say. (going.)

JUSTICE, (warningly.) Be careful, Aldrich.

ALDRICH. (not heeding, still going; partly to himself.)

I shall be present at this meeting; and

If all else fail there's still one way-perhaps!

(Exit ALDRICH C. D., and off L.)

JUSTICE. If all else fail there's still one way! What means he?

What way? Would I myself could see one clearly.

(Enter PARIS at C. D. from L.; pauses, looking off L.)

'Tis time Felton was back from Boston town

With word from Gates. (then seeing PARIS.) The Rev. Mr.

Paris?

PARIS. (entering C. D., and down C. JUSTICE, L. C.)

The mercy which abideth with the just

Rest on ye, Master Justice, thee and thine.

JUSTICE.

PARIS.

Amen.

Did Master Aldrich not just leave thee?

He passed me on the road, without salute, -'

Face flushed and eyes wild set, and it did seem,

Though 't was broad day, they burned like coals of fire.

His bearing is unseemly; much I fear

For him. Tis said, despite the evidence,

He still denys witch Amy's guilt.

JUSTICE.

Yea, true.

PARIS. Verily, Master Justice, it beseems us

To bow our souls in prayer for such as he,

Whose spirit yieldeth to the guiles of flesh;

'Tis said he owns affection for the witch.-

But Mistress Mable, how fares she? Ah, thus

To see heaven's flower, for so methinks I'd call

Woman on earth, scorched by the breath of hell,

And robbed of its perfection by the will

Of Satan wrought through mortal hand,---'t is this

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Most racks the souls of prayerful, righteous men.-

Let me go to her. (crossing R.)

JUSTICE. (crossing to R. 1 E.) This way.

(Shows PARIS in R. 1 E. and then returning C.)

When such men

As he and Cotton Mather, first 'mong scholars,

Put faith in witchcraft, who can dare to doubt?

I know not how I stand myself; doubting,

I half believe; believing, more than doubt.

(Enter BREED quickly, C. D., and down c.)

BREED. (entering.) Uncle, uncle, is 't true that they will bring
her here, the witch? I just now heard it said so at Ship

Tavern. Is it true?

JUSTICE. It is; and if they do, what is 't to ye?

BREED. Oh, I wish I were at home in Wales! And there's

Dick Felton-

JUSTICE. (interested.)

Well?

BREED. Just come from Boston town, and says the governor's
wife has turned a witch!

JUSTICE. (startled; apart.) The governor's wife? The fair,
gay Lady Phips?

BREED. (x L.) Oh, everybody's turning out a witch! Oh, I
wish I were at home in Wales! (Exit L. 1 E.)

JUSTICE. (alone.) The governor's wife? Why this makes
no one safe,

And the confusion worse and worse confounded!-

Something must be done to check this plague,

Now it has reached the highest pitch of rage.

But how will it be checked?

Felton, at last.

(then seeing FELTON.)

(Enter FELTON from L.; C. D. and down c.)

FELTON. (entering C. D.) Your worship, there is news, great news! The wife-

JUSTICE. (interrupting.) I know it, boy! Pass it; my letter? Sir Jasper Gates?

FELTON. Why, please your worship, all Boston town is full of fright and wonder! The Lady Phips-

JUSTICE. Your tongue will wag in its own way! I know the governor's wife has been accused of witchcraft. But how about your errand? Answer that.

FELTON. Please, your worship, the governor was absent, off to Maine, and Sir Jasper Gates had been commanded thither to him, and had gone. But, your worship, I gave your letter to the messenger that Lady Phips was sending after her husband to tell him to return at once, because

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she was accused a witch; and, your worship, the messenger said he'd put it in Sir Jasper Gates' own hand.

JUSTICE. (as BREED re-enters, L. 1 E.)

I'd rather Gates had been in Boston town;

But you did well to send it on direct.-

Go with my nephew, Breed. (to BREED.) Show him the kitchen.-

(to FELTON.) Wait there; anon I'd question more about The governor's wife, and this new accusation.

BREED. (as they exuent, aside.) I'll question him at once; perchance

There'll be a vessel leave here soon for Wales.

(Exit BREED, L. 1 E. FELTON follows, bowing to JUSTICE)

JUSTICE. (solus.) In Maine, and Amy's execution fixed

For noon to-morrow. Gates cannot reach here,

Nor could the fleetest messenger from Maine,

Ere then; so that hope's lost, unless I can

Myself obtain the court's grant for delay,

Which I fear doubtful,-yea! now fear to ask.

For this blow aimed thus at the highest, will

Not strike one only, but all high in office;

And I for naught but sympathy for her

Might be myself accused,-even condemned.

'Tis better then perchance to let the mob

Have sway, than fall their victim by opposing.

(GRIGGS and MATHER enter L. U. E., behind. JUSTICE 866-ing them.)

The hour approaches; Cotton Mather comes.

(JUSTICE opens C. D. for MATHER, who pauses on threshold; GRIGGS without.)

MATHER, (pausing, uncovering; GRIGGS, ditto.)

May the Lord's peace which passeth understanding,

Here enter and abide forevermore.

JUSTICE and GRIGGS.

Amen. Amen.

MATHER. (covering, and entering, followed by GRIGGS. JUSTICE closes door, and down c.)

My heart is full of prayer,
And my soul weeps for the afflicted one.

JUSTICE. The Rev. Master Paris is now with her;
Yet enter thou the chamber.

(crosses R. 1 F., showing MATHER in; then to GRIGGS.)
How fares Amy?

GRIGGS. The witch? better. Her mind is sound as thine;
Only perverse, unyielding, full of Satan.

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(GRIGGS enters door R. 1 E., as CORWIN, etc., enter behind,
L. U. E.)

JUSTICE. More come?

Corwin,-the Putnams, --Gedney, -
Hale. (then as they enter C. D.)

Friends, welcome;-even in affliction, friends.
Will ye within?

GEDNEY. So please your worship, yea;-
Ere the witch come;-they're bringing her e'en now.
(They exeunt R. 1 E., during following.)

JUSTICE. (solus.) Amy? Why do I shrink from seeing her?
I know not why, but at the thought there steals
A growing chillness through my heart! Never
Before did my heart fail me at the sight
Of witch; no! though she dangled on witch hill.
But now, my very soul seems sick to death!

I cannot,-dare not front her now! Anon.

(Exit JUSTICE, R. 1 E. Music. Enter L. U. E., behind
BUNCE, etc., crossing to C. D. BUNCE opens C. D.; enters
and stands just within on R., as enter, and down c., AMY and
ALDRICH; squad of guard and some people. The greater part
of guard remain without; also crowd, which gradually dis-
perses. At same time that AMY enters, enter L. 1 E. BREED,
FELTON and POLL GEDNEY.)

BREED. (seeing AMY.) Oh, oh! the witch, the witch!

FELTON. (L.)

POLL.

Look Poll.

(Exit hastily L. 1 E.)

Poor girl;

See, they have chains upon her hands.

Ye would not have her scratch our lives out?

FELTON.

Of course;

(AMY C., as a hymn is heard from room off R. 1.E.)

AMY. (at sound of hymn,-recognizing it, affected.)

That hymn? My mother sang it oft to me-a child.

(Sinks on knees, and during singing seems lost in thought.

BUNCE crosses to R. 1 E. and pauses during singing, and at

its close exit R. 1 E.; as he goes out MABLE screams off R. 1 E.
All on stage startled.)

(assists her.)

ALDRICH. That is Mable's voice! Amy, arise.

AMY. (to ALDRICH.) But for thee my spirit had been broken.

My courage wrecked, and I, body and soul,

A miserable plaything in their hands.

Thou, only, true, true from first to last.

ALDRICH. Aye, last! what e'er betide thee. I have sworn it.

Yet, one more effort will I make to save thee, -

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AMY. (interrupting.) No, strive no more to waste thy will
and breath!

Mens' hearts are deaf and mute against me,

And but for thee-I were content to die.

ALDRICH. For me? Death is no stop to love, nor ours!

As here, hereafter mine will be with thee;

And our immortal parts shall yet enjoy,-

Yea, through eternity, -the joys missed here.

They come.

(as enter R. 1 E. BUNCE, PARIS, MATHER, and the others.)

BUNCE. Mistress Fairfax, the Rev. Cotton Mather will ques-
tion you.

AMY. I am prepared to hear.

PARIS. And, we do pray, to answer to the purpose; repent-
ant and confessing-

AMY. Neither, sir! My answers shall be simply truth; and

I have nothing either to repent of or confess.

MATHER. Yea, child, thou hast, though ye were untainted
with this crime of witchcraft; yea, even as we all are but
grovelling and repentant sinners in His sight. How much
more then, after impartial trial, condemned of this crime,
standing upon the grave's edge, -soon to stand before the
throne of Him who passeth final judgment, -hast thou to
repent of and confess.

FELTON. (to POLL, apart.) Look, Poll, how angry Master
Aldrich looks.

PARIS. Lift up your hearts in prayer ye righteous ones, that
she may be released from Satan's bondage, and undo her
hellish work.

ALDRICH. (aside.) Hold, heart! Patience, -a little longer
patience!

MATHER. (to AMY.) Ye stand cold, unmoved, defiant, silent.

Such bearing will not save ye from the death; no, nor

from the Evil One's eternity of hell! Not, not as thy

accusers, nor thy judges are we here; but as allmerciful,

loving and forgiving men, to beg ye to lift the curse from

thy victim! Loosen her tongue that she may speak; for-

bear thy torture of invisible wrought pains; give her her

wholeness--body, mind and soul once more, as she was

ere thy witch-spells witch-spells blighted her; and for such good act,

even so tardily done, perchance chance the Wise, Allmerciful,

with thee will deal in mercy upon the final judgment day. (a pause.)

GEDNEY. (to his neighbor.) Why, she seems struck dumb herself.

MATHER. Silent? Our tongue has failed to move ye; then let the sight of the afflicted one add to our prayers the force of her affliction. Let her be brought. (Exit PARIS, R. 1 E.)

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ALDRICH. (as PARIS goes, apart.) She bears it, silent, -though her eyes betray the pent rebellion of her heart.

POLL. (aside to FELTON.) I know not who I feel most for, the witch or Mistress Mable. (then as MABLE enters.) Ah, look!

(Re-enter PARIS, R. 1 E., followed by MABLE, supported by JUSTICE and GOODY H., and followed by GRIGGS. MABLE is very pale and haggard, and has a wild, half crazy look. Her movements are slow and weak, and as she enters there is a sympathetic movement among spectators.)

MATHER. Amy Fairfax, behold thy victim.

(MABEL, who appears not to have seen AMY until MATHER speaks, shivers and trembles convulsively, clutching at her mother, silent. MABEL, throughout this scene, must follow and imitate each motion and gesture of AMY, - this being one of the phases of those afflicted. In doing this she must do it earnestly, and as though reluctantly, in such a way as not to appear ludicrous, but instead to inspire awe.)

POLL. How she shivers!
inspire awe.)

/

FELTON. That's the fit coming; she'll scream anon and fall-as they always do.

AMY. (advancing a little. Mabel Benton, you are called my victim, and I a witch whose spells have made you dumb! It is not so; 't is false, -false all! and there is something in your eyes which tells me thou dost know it false! I am no witch, and you are not my victim! I never did you, -never thought you harm! Speak, I conjure you,--yea! command you;-not by the power of any witchcharm or spell which I do not possess, -but by the power omnipotent of Truth! the birth-gift of our souls from God-(MABEL, at the word "God," utters a scream and falls on floor, moaning.)

GOODY H. Oh, my child, my child!

PARIS. (to AMY, sternly.) Speak not His holy name whose knowledge thou hast forfeited, betrayed!

MATHER. (as JUSTICE and GRIGGS try to raise MABEL.) 'Tis ever thus. His name spoken by the guilty, brings terror, misery and pain to the afflicted, -smiting them even to the ground.

GRIGGS. A new affliction! the limbs of Mistress Mabel fail her.

GOODY H. Oh, mercy, mercy!

GRIGGS. She cannot stand.

They place chair R. C., and place MABEL in it.)

MATHER. Verily, 'tis so. (to AMY.) Our patience ceases to be virtue! Child of the devil, cease thy spells! Content

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ye with the hell-blights ye have already wrought, if naught avail that ye undo them.

AMY. (horrified, and roused.) Child of the devil? Thou coward, though a man; yea, so-called heaven's minister!

Look to yourself, that at your final judgment day your helpless victims, your children of the devil,--stand not arraigned against you, fatal witnesses to send ye to perdition! Child of the devil? O, just God-

(MABEL screams as before, in convulsions.)

PARIS. (quickly.) Let her not speak, else she'll bewitch us all!

AMY. (continuing, uninterrupted.) Hear me Thou- (Is stopped by BUNCE, who has crossed quickly behind her, and roughly covers her mouth with his hand, gagging her.)

ALDRICH. (springing forward and throwing BUNCE off.) This is too much! Are ye God's ministers, or brutes?

(General commotion.)

FELTON. I knew his turn would come at last.

ALDRICH. (to AMY.) Thou art a woman, even as their mothers, and they rough handle thee in heaven's name, and call it righteous doing! My blood burns with shame for such as they.-who e'r or what they be.

AMY. Aldrich, forbear; no good can come-

ALDRICH. (interrupting.) Patience, Amy, patience!

Hear,

Cotton Mather,---thou who standest first amongst learned men,-who would mock Solomon for wisdom, -thou hast usurped men's minds with a delusion, whose rank insidious poison has begot contagion everywhere; that has corrupted even thee, till now thou stand'st even more to be pitied, more leperous and unclean than any!

PARIS. (taken back; commandingly.) Silence, young man!

BUNCE. Beware the law-"Whoso revileth-"

ALDRICH. (interrupting.) I fear no law of thine! Mine is a higher law; and I will brave and bear its judgment, good or ill!

GEDNEY. He hath gone mad!

FELTON. Morelike he is bewitched himself.

AMY. For my sake Aldrich, say no more.

PARIS. Didst hear the witch? She has him in her power.

ALDRICH. False man! she is no witch; and judgment against her is murder, -even thine, preacher!

MATHER. (imperatively.) Silence! In His name who commands the universe and is obeyed, I do command you silence! (pause.) Rash man: ye stand before these many witnesses confessed a scoffer, a reviler, yea! blasphemers; and the law saith, "such person shall be put to death."

O, ye wayward children of earth, behold how the Evil

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One setteth snares for ye, even until ye fall therein, as this young man hath done. Marshal Bunce, perform your office, arrest ye Master Aldrich.

AMY. Hold, hold! mine is this deed-

PARIS. She has confessed! (BUNCE crosses to ALDRICH.)

ALDRICH. (imposing silence on AMY, by gesture; addressing MATHER.) Preacher, thou art right. I stand confessed, and yield myself unto your mockery, called law. But, more I would confess, and pray ye all bear witness. She who stands there manacled, condemned as witch-is none! yea, despite your trials, witnesses and judgments! And she who sits there, blighted by the curse, is not her victim, she is mine! (general commotion, fear, surprise, wonder.)

AMY. (startled and mystified.) Aldrich? Oh, what means this?

ALDRICH. (continuing, wildly.) Ye shrink, and tremble, and turn pale; and well ye may! Oh, ye blind fools! ye over-wise in wisdom! ye are murderers, every one! And in every witch and wizard ye have hanged, ye murdered an innocent and unoffending soul! Murdered them at my behest! I am the only one! the wizard who with the Devil's, my master's aid, have outwitted ye from the first! wrought upon ye till ye, one and all, are branded with the curse of Cain! (Laughs wildly. MABEL faints, and is borne out in chair, accompanied by GOODY H. and GRIGGS.)

AMY. (at his side.) Believe him not, -believe him not! Look at his eyes,-he has gone mad!

JUSTICE, (aside.) Still mystery on mystery.

ALDRICH. (to AMY.) Mad? Not so mad, as they who stand thy judges, are my victims! (Laughs wildly.)

MATHER. The judgment of the Law and of the Gospel is upon ye; may heaven have mercy on your souls.

Curtain.

ALDRICH L. C., BUNCE behind him, L.; AMY C.; MATHER R. C.; JUSTICE, PARIS, R.; GEDNEY, POLL, FELTON, L.; rest dressing stage; BREED, in the library door, peeping.
END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE (set for act)-Gallows Hill,-full stage. The scene represents the crown of the hill, and set B. c., in line of third grooves stands the gallows, consisting of two upright beams and one cross beam, from centre of which last hangs a rope. The curtain rises discovering a crowd of idle spectators, who seem to be growing impatient. On either side of the gallows stands a guard, under arms. GEDNEY, POLL, HALE and PUTNAM among spectators in foreground.

PUTNAM. (R.) We've waited long enough! She was to hang at noon, and 't is three good mortal hours since then.

WOMAN. (R.) For shame, to grudge the girl but three hours longer life.

PUTNAM. Ye'd better mind ye'r speech my lady, else ye may hang like her yeself some day!

GEDNEY. (L.) Ye may be tired o' waiting; but somehow I be not.

HALE. (L.) But what is the delay for?

POLL. (L.) Poor girl! I cannot think she be in truth a witch; besides, Master Aldrich confessed he was the one, and they should let her go.

PUTNAM. (r. L.) Nay, to hang them both would be to better purpose; and there'd be no mistake then.

GEDNEY. Didst hear about the governor's wife?

PUTNAM. Yea, and gladly too! We'll root this breed of Satan from our soil; yea, though they hold their heads the highest, -like my Lady Phips!

(Enter FELTON, R. 3 E., followed by others.)

FELTON. (entering.) News, news! They'll be here shortly! (general murmur of approbation from crowd.)

POLL. (as FELTON crosses L. to her side.) Truly; are they coming Dick?

FELTON. Yes, the argument was over and the Justice was denied, as I left to bring the news.

GEDNEY. The argument? What argument?

FELTON. Hark! they've started! Hear the drum? Sergeant Putnam's in command.

(Sound of distant, approaching muffled drums off R. U. E.)

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HALE. But what was the delay?

FELTON. Why, Justice Harthorne prayed the court to grant a stay of judgment, till Master Aldrich's confession should be enquired into; for, said he, if Master Aldrich tells the truth, then Mistress Amy is no witch, and to hang her would be murder; and so his conscience would not speak for hanging her until all doubts were set aside.

PUTNAM. But what said Cotton Mather then?

FELTON. Ah, but he be an overlearned man! He had the Justice pat, and thus: says he: If Mistress Amy be no witch, why did she confess herself, saying "Mine is this deed!" While for Master Aldrich, it mattered not if he were truly a wizard or no, he had blasphemed--and that alone according to the law was death.

PUTNAM. Yea, verily; such men as Cotton Mather live but to purify the world.

GEDNEY. Surely Master Aldrich will not be condemned upon his trial. There is no proof of his being a wizard;--and for the rest, he was not in his mind and therefore not responsible. Nay, surely, he'll not hang.

FELTON. Why, he'd hang to-day, if they'd grant his request.

POLL. Grant his request?

FELTON. Yes; he laughed at them, to their faces, and called the judges asses all, when they denied the Justice's prayer; and then declared that he would as soon be hung at once

as to be tried first by them, only to be hung after. Boldly he requested he might be hung forthwith with Mistress Amy. Of course, the court refused.

PUTNAM. They should not have done so, and so saved themselves the trouble of his trial.

FELTON. But Cotton Mather allowed that he should come unto the hanging; the sight whereof, he said, would have good effect upon his erring spirit.

(The drums during the preceding have approached nearer and nearer, and grown louder. The crowd, which at first discovered thinned out some, after FELTON'S entrance has grown larger, and continues to do so till B. and L. and R. of stage is well filled with men, women and children.)

GEDNEY. Somehow, I do not like it all.

PUTNAM. Then Landlord, the difference 'twixt us is—I do! And as for Master Aldrich—why he but lied to try to save the witch, that he might wed her, belike.

HALE. That may he still, in death.

PUTNAM. And, mark ye! Justice Harthorne better have a care. This asking stay of judgment looks not well; and since the governor's wife has been accused, no reason why a single justice may not be—provided there's good ground for it.

(Enter a crowd of people, R.)

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FELTON. They're leaving the road, and coming up the hill now.

POLL. Oh, Dick, I cannot stay to see, and yet I fear to go. (Enter R. 2 E., through crowd which parts to make way for them, Sergeant Thos. PUTNAM, then drums, the guard under arms. They file up R., round B., and down L., forming a line around the gallows, keeping people in their rear, and space about gallows clear. Then enter MATHER, PARIS, GRIGGS, CORWIN, etc., and stand R. 1 E. Then MARSHAL BUNCE, and file of guard, followed by a two wheeled "death-cart," drawn by horse led by a negro. Executioner walks L. of cart, which enters R. 2 E. AMY, with hands in chains, sitting on cross seat middle of cart. ALDRICH, hands chained, follows immediately behind cart. Then follows file of guard, and a crowd of spectators. The cart, etc., enter line of guard and drives under gallows, horse facing B., and stops; AMY'S face to audience. As it stops the drums (L. U. E.) stop beating.) GEDNEY. (L., as MATHER, etc., enter.) Where's Justice Harthorne? He is not come.

FELTON. Perchance he will not.

PUTNAM. 'T were better he came freely now, than come against his will hereafter!

BUNCE. Goodmen and goodwives, we are here assembled to mete unto this woman the fullest punishment which the law and scriptures prescribe against such as shall be guilty of the abominable crime of witchcraft; and her own

confession confirms the merit and the justness of the penalty we here inflict.

AMY. I deny it; nothing have I confessed!

BUNCE. Silence, -till ye have leave to speak.

AMY. Leave to speak? From whom?-from ye? I need no leave. I ask none, to speak to human hearts,-not by words whose sounds may be beat down-but in the soundless yet far-reaching voice of martyrdom,-of murdered innocence!

BUNCE. Beat the drums! (they beat a roll, drowning her voice.)

ALDRICH. (after drums stop, to BUNCE.)

What matter'd a few words whose weight were naught
To stop the murder that shall be her end?

Thou 'rt less a man than are thy betters!

GEDNEY. (apart.)

Good!

BUNCE. Mistress Amy Fairfax, ye stand condemned and sentenced; and are now about to suffer the law's penalty extreme, upon this my warrant. Stand up, and give attention while I read.

(AMY stands, as directed. BUNCE reads the death warrant.

Vidi: copy of death warrant for witch execution, vol. 2, Upham's "Salem Witchcraft," for form and style.)

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MATHER. (after a short pause of general silence following reading of the warrant; solemnly.) Mistress Fairfax, in this thine earthly judgment against thine earthly life, behold no less the end which waits the unrepentant soul that dwells with Satan, upon the final judgment day.

BUNCE. Strike off her chains and prepare her.

ALDRICH. (as executioner mounts cart and does so.)

Pray ye, undo my hands; I am your prisoner.

I shall not--cannot fly ye. Grant me so much.

BUNCE. Upon your word, I grant ye.
from his hands.)

(guard undoes chains

(AMY, her hands loose, kneels in cart; executioner standing behind her.)

GEDNEY. (as AMY kneels.)

See, the witch!

POLL. Father, she kneels to pray;-can witches pray?

ALDRICH (L. C., free.) Look, Cotton Mather; once again behold

How thy adjudged arch-children of the devil,
Hovering 'twixt life and death, can kneel in prayer
Firm hearted,-firm of limb, and with a soul
As guiltless of the crime for which they die,
As thine is past redemption for their death!

PARIS and BUNCE. (together.) Silence, blasphemer!

ALDRICH.

Yet a little while,

And I shall be forever after silent.-

But then beware the voice no death can hush!
The voice that speaks through all eternity,
And paints unto the e wondering world such
As ye in their true garb of blackness.
Silence!

men

BUNCE. (angrily, as AMY rises.)

AMY. (as the executioner ties her hands behind her.)

Aldrich, forbear;-our lives are almost spent,
And the near thought of the hereafter counsels
A peaceful heart, -a soul resigned to all.

You, only, have been my true friend through all;
True to the last, -companion even to death.

Farewell; but for a little time, and then
Our strange companionship begun on earth
Shall grow and knit forever. I am ready.

(The executioner adjusts rope around her neck.)

MABEL. (off R., frantically.) Hold!-let me pass!-quick! I
may be too late! (commotion among the crowd.)

BUNCE. (as if about to give the word.) Amy Fairfax-

(Enter MABEL, R. 2 E., breaking through crowd to C., and
interrupting BUNCE. General commotion, etc.)

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MABEL. (entering.) Hold, hold! She is not guilty! Hang
her not!

MATHER. (wonder struck.) Mistress Benton?

GRIGGS. (ditto.) A miracle! She speaks, and walks!

PARIS. Mistress Benton, what means this?

MATHER. Marshal, forbear the execution for a time.

MABEL. (L. of C., as executioner undoes rope from AMY'S neck.)

Amy Fairfax, forgive me, -forgive me!

'the weight here on my heart!

or I shall die of

(Enter JUSTICE HARTHORNE and BREED, hastily, R. 2 E.)

JUSTICE. (entering, apart.)

suspected may be true!

and tell her she is safe!

Mabel is here; then what I half

(to BREED.) Back to your aunt,

MATHER.

(Exit BREED, gladly going, R. 2 E.)

What can this mean?

MABEL. (continuing.) I am the guilty one; before my God

I swear it! I was never dumb, nor palsied!

'T was but a lie I acted; all a lie,

That I might kill-yes, murder her!

Woman!

ALDRICH. (horrified; scorn and indignation.)

MABEL. Yes, murder! She stood in my way to thee, -

And all my woman's hatred turned my soul

To anything for its revenge.

PARIS.

She raves!

MABEL. That night I eavesdropt at the hut; heard all,-
Heard you explain this witchcraft as a trick
Wrought by the evil minded on the dull,
Through malice or revenge! 'Twas what I sought,
And I swore then to put it to the test.
I heard you find the cellar,-knew you there,-
And when I saw the flames mount up, to save
You I betrayed myself; then quick as thought
Began my hellish game. I fell prostrate
And when they raised me up was dumb! Not truly,
For any time since then I could have spoken.
Through all the trial,--through the after meeting,
I stood it all, the judgment of my conscience
Proclaiming every second of the day
The curse of Cain against my soul! Then-now-
My evil courage faltered-failed me wholly,
Yet even now almost too late; and yet
I thank thee heaven not too late! Oh, sirs,
Inflict what punishment ye will on me,-
Death even-I care no more for life! But spare
Her life, who guiltless might have died my victim!
PUTNAM. Then there would be no hanging after all.

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MATHER. Verily, the ways of Providence are multitudinous
and strange! I know not what to think.

JUSTICE. (R.) Whate'er we think, let us weigh well before
we act. Postpone the execution.

VOICES. (R. and L.)

No! no!

PARIS. Behold how through the voices of the many
The voice of the Allwise gives judgment!
Let the law's judgment take its course, or else
Ye but proclaim your laws a nullity,
Its judgment void, and ye yourselves a scorn
To all just, righteous, law abiding men.

BUNCE. There is no law to stay my warrant's act,
Saving alone the governor's reprieve.

MATHER. Such truly is the law; and though 't is hard,
'T were better that one innocent should suffer
Than the Law's majesty-the type of heaven's, -
Should suffer insult or be brought to scorn.

PARIS. Besides, may not this story be a trick?
The witch may have compelled her by some charm
Thus to act out a part, hoping thereby,
Even at the last hour, to save her life.
Beware, lest Satan trick ye even now!

MATHER. It might be so; -all things seem possible.

MABEL. Goodmen, goodwives, -have ye no hearts, no souls?

Ye have heard my confession, and will ye

Now stand in silence and see murder done?

Look to yourselves then,-yea, each one, lest soon

Ye stand beneath the gallows beam next victim!
PUTNAM. It is the witch that speaks through her!
I still say hang the witch!
VOICES.
And I! And I!
JUSTICE. Marshal, deliver her to me, and I
With my own life will answer for her death-
Or her reprieve, -by noon third day from this.
MABEL. And I will stand her hostage.
PARIS.
'Tis not law.
BUNCE. The Rev. Mr. Paris answers right;
As Justice, thou thyself dost know.
JUSTICE. Then rest the murder on your souls, not mine!
From very first I sought to save the girl, -
As heaven witness, I believe her guiltless.
PUTNAM. Look that ye do not need to save thyself,
"Say I for one, and boldly, Master Justice!
MATHER. The judgment and the law must have their course.
BUNCE. (to executioner.) Proceed.
(executioner readjusts rope, etc.)
MABEL. (frantic.) Yet hold, -a moment longer! Oh!-
AMY. Mabel, you are forgiven; and thy story
Shall live in every heart that heard it here--
Proof of my innocence, and thy remorse.

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(MABEL screams, and falls in a swoon. JUSTICE and
GRIGGS run to her, and support her to L. 1 E. General
movement. JUSTICE, L. 1 E., supports MABEL on his knee;
GRIGGS assisting.)
ALDRICH. (as MABEL swoons, etc.) O woman, such a life as
thou must live
Henceforth, outshames the horrors of a death
As murderous and torturous as thy victim's!
I too forgive thee,--but within thyself
The unforgiving judge sits crying-Never!
BUNCE. Amy Fairfax, my warrant, whose command
I must fulfill, though at my own life's risk,
Says thou shalt hang suspended by the neck
Till dead. Thy dying moments have arrived.
Upon my signal the death-roll will beat,
And the cart then be driven from under thee.
(AMY, as BUNCE closes, bows her head slightly to him;
then looking first for a second towards ALDRICH, lifts her
head, gazing upward, and begins singing, in a firm but not
overloud voice, the hymn sung in Act IV, not heeding what is
going on about her.)
(BUNCE lifts handkerchief in left hand, preparatory to drop-
ping it for the signal;-drums ready to beat;-all anxious.
There is a moment of silent suspense, and BUNCE is just
about to drop handkerchief when the blast of herald's trumpet
is heard off R., and suddenly enter SIR JASPER GATES, ex-

hausted, and booted and spurred and travel-worn, followed
by CALVIN BREED.)
SIR JASP. (entering.) Hold, in the King's name! I command!
(AMY stops singing. General excitement, attention.)
MABEL. (rousing.) In the King's name? Has heaven heard
my prayer?
BREED. (crossing L.) Uncle, uncle; there are no more witches,
uncle!
BUNCE. (to SIR JASP.) Thy warrant for this interruption.
SIR JASP. (pointing to Herald, who has entered R. 2 E.) There;-
The governor's appointed cryer. More,
The governor's own proclamation freeing
All persons charged with witchcraft, and declaring
The court appointed for their trying vacant.
(General movement, surprise, wonder, anger, pleasure, sat-
isfaction.)
AMY. (as executioner cuts off rope, and ALDRICH assists her down
from cart.) A second time my saviour. (exit cart, L. U. E.)

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SIR JASP. (as BUNCE is reading proclamation, B. R. C.) More
than saviour;-
The King's own messenger to thee, with charge
To bring thee back to England, there to claim
The birthright of thy title and estate.
(PARIS R.; MATHER R. C., in front; BUNCE and Herald
R. C. B.; ALDRICH R. of C.; AMY C.; SIR JASPER L. C.; MA-
BEL to his L., with JUSTICE, GRIGGS, L. C., front; BREED
L. front, with POLL and FELTON; GEDNEY L B During
following, exeunt guard, -save a file who stand B. R C.; and
the crowd thins considerably)
SIR JASP. (continuing.) Master Justice, your letter made good
speed,
And brought me all I was in quest of. Yes,
The crest and arms, the treasures of the chest
Which brought poor Goody Fairfax to her end,
Fix the identity beyond all doubt.
As for the part which thou hast played in this, -
Thou needst not ask for pardon-ask reward.
JUSTICE. Thy name-?
SIR JASP.
Sir Jasper Gates; and yonder girl,
Here known as Amy Fairfax, is-
AMY. (interrupting.)
Pray, pause!
If I am not what I have ever seemed, -
Plain Amy Fairfax, and my lot has been
These many years a foreplanned fiction only,--
It yet has been so wholly felt, -so loved,
That now I cannot step from out its past
As from one chamber to another, though
The future you would lead me to were royal.
Let me be Amy Fairfax still, and here

In this new land, my only known-loved home,-
Here with this man, whose life and mine within
The past few days have been fast bound together
With the same tie that binds the world to God,-
Let me still live and die his--wedded wife.

(Takes ALDRICH by the hand.)

BUNCE. (coming forward.) Master Aldrich stands here my
prisoner.

JUSTICE. I'll stand his bond and pledge for his appearance
When the court orders-any time and place.

SIR JASP. And I will pledge to gain the King's own pardon
For any crime he could be guilty of-
Save murder!

MATHER.

I do approve the act. 'Tis meet
That grace and mercy be extended all,

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Even unto the utmost of forbearance;
As we ourselves perchance some day may stand
As sore in need of greater grace and mercy.

ALDRICH. You see far in the future, Cotton Mather.

AMY. Would that we all could gaze into the future:
Then might we see perchance our present woes
Like bitter seeds bear luscious flower and fruit;
And even evil-doers and their crimes
Prove providential instruments for good.

Curtain.

THE END.

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